

AN
ACCURATE tho' COMPENDIOUS
ENCOMIUM
ON THE MOST
ILLUSTRIOUS PERSONS,
Whose MONUMENTS are Erected in
WESTMINSTER-ABBAY.

AN
HEROIC POEM,
IN
LATIN and *ENGLISH.*

*Pallida Mors æquo pulsat pede Pauperum Tabernas,
Regumque Turres.*

Hor. Od. 4. Lib. 1.

By a GENTLEMAN, late of *Baliol College*, OXFORD.

LONDON:
Printed for the AUTHOR,
M.DCC.XLIX.

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ERNEST LEWIS GAY
JUNE 15, 1927

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IN

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By a GENTLEMAN, late of Balliol College, Oxford.

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TO THE

R E A D E R.

23 OCT 16 P. 40 a. 10
THO' I am not insensible that there are several prolix Descriptions of this Royal Dormitory already extant, with exact Transcripts of the numerous Inscriptions carved on the respective Monuments; yet I flatter myself, that my Plan is entirely new, as no Attempt of this Nature has been ever exhibited to the Public in either Language; which is an Article of no small Importance, according to the present Taste. As I have spared no Pains in the Execution of the Work, I freely submit it (*with all its Imperfections on its Head*, as SHAKESPEAR expresses it) to the Censure, or Approbation of the Public.

ECCLES



E C C L E S I A

Sancti PETRI Westmonasteriensis.

SACRA Deo magno, multos venerata per Annos,
Stat Domus * : EDVARDUS † posuit quam
sanctior olim,

Supremo gratas Divo sacravit et Aras :

Undè Preces Caelos scandunt ac Vota Piorum.

Donèc Tempus edax nutantem concutit Ædem,

Substratæque minatur humo pendente ruinâ.

Post trecentum Annos, veræ Pietatis Amator,

Ipse pius, Verbique tenax, et Cultor Honesti,

Tertius HENRICUS, per Sæcula sera notandus,

Antiquam stravit fausto conamine Molem,

Et Fanum extruxit, quo nunc EDVARDUS humatur.

* Ecclesia Santi PETRI Westmonastriensis.

† EDVARDUS Confessor.



WESTMINSTER ABBAY.

BY zealous EDWARD * built, for length of Years
Rever'd, its Tow'rs the stately *Fabrick* †
rears :

To Heav'n devoted, solemn Altars rise,
Whence Vows are wafted to th' Æmpyreal Skies.
'Till, fapp'd by Time, its mould'ring Walls around
With cumbrous Ruin threat the substrate Ground.
Three Centuries elaps'd, fam'd on Record
For virtuous Deeds, tenacious of his Word ;
Religious HENRY, of that Name the Third,
This *Fane* rebuilt, where EDWARD lies interr'd.

* EDWARD the Confessor,
† Westminster Abbey.

The

*Ignivoma En! Vertex, emensis quatuor annis,
heu!*

Infauſtè accenſa, alter Veſuvius, ardet.

Corripiunt Tignos, liquefactaque Tegmina Templi

Undantis vaſtant ſinuofa volumina flammæ,

Miſcenti fumo, et paſſim crepitante Ruinâ.

Sic Æſtate furens, calido cum Sirius aſtro

Æſtuat, intentans Febrem Mortalibus ægris;

Venârûm Pulsus digitum crebro Impete tundit,

Pulmonesque tument; dum præceps Sanguinis æſtus

Purpureo effrænum impellit cum gurgite flumen:

*Exurens Cauſon *, morbi comitante Catervâ,*

Ros gelidus, trepidante Animâ, Capitisque dolores,

Languentem excruciant Nympham, ægrotumve Colonum;

Ignes ſulphurei, jaculataque Fulgura Cælo,

Montanas Ornos, nodofaque Robora findunt;

Excelfas Turres, aut alta Palatia Regum

Accendunt flammis, graſſanti longiùs Igne,

• *Febris violenta.*

Regnante

The Fire-caught Roof, in four revolving Years,
Vesuvius-like, a burning Mount appears.
 Ascending Flames in wreathy Volumes rise,
 And, wrapp'd in Smoak, infest the torrid Skies :
 The liquid Lead its hissing Torrent pours,
 And cracking Timbers threat th' adjacent Shoars.
 So, when the *Dog-Star* rules, in Summer's Heats,
 Oft' the quick Pulse with rapid Fervour beats :
 Thro' turgid Veins inflam'd, th' impetuous Blood
 Precipitate drives on its crimson Flood :
 Malignant *Febris*, with her sickly Train,
 Convulsive Starts ! cold Dews ! nocturnal Pain !
 Death-boding waste wan Nymph, or languid Swain :
 The forky sulph'rous Lightning's pointed Strok
 Some lofty *Cedar* rives, or knotted *Oak* :
 Or Cloud-topp'd Tow'rs involves in spreading Flames ;
 Proud Palaces of Kings, or Princely Dames.

*Regnante EDVARDO Primo, mōx Rege Secundo,
 Splendidior flammis, renovatā Vertice, Moles *.
 Clarius attollit Culmen, fruiturque favillā,
 Fœcundo assurgens, instar Phœnicis, ab Igne.*

*Intūs, magnifici Tumuli, de Marmore pulchro,
 Affixi Muris Templi, Clypeiue, Tubæque,
 Et Spolia apparent, vetêrum Decora alta Virorum.
 Hic, qui sub justā Populos ditione tenebant,
 Inviçti Reges; Regum quique Arma secuti,
 Non metuêre mori, ac Vitam pro laude pacisci.
 Quique Sacerdotes æterni Numinis ÆDEM
 Innocui coluêre: Hos nulla Pericula sanctam
 Cogebant violare Fidem, vel prodere linguā:
 Quique pii Vates, et acerbā Morte perempti
 Egregii Juvenes; hic, religione locorum
 Securi, placidis requiescunt Sedibus Omnes.*

* Ecclesia Santi PETRI Westmonasteriensis.

In the First EDWARD's, and the Second's Reigns,

The *Pile* * restor'd, superior Splendor gains:

Mating the Clouds, its vaulted *Roof* aspires,

A *Phœnix* rising from the fruitful Fires.

WITHIN, the sculptur'd *Tombs*, of Marble fair,

Trumpets, and Shields, th' Emblazonry of War,

And Trophies won by ancient Chiefs appear.

Victorious Monarchs, here inurn'd, are laid,

Who far-extended Realms with Justice sway'd:

Under whose Banner dauntless Captains fought,

And high Renown in dubious Battle fought.

Prelates unshaken, who their God ador'd,

Firm to their Faith, confiding in the LORD;

Nor from their Duty swerv'd, in Thought, or Word.

Fam'd Bards; and peerless Youths, in Life's full Bloom,

Snatch'd hence, rest sweetly in the silent Tomb.

* *Westminster-Abbey.*

*O qui Cœlestes implens supra Æthera Sedes,
 Eventûs Rerum dextrâ Omnipotente gubernas,
 Et Vitæ, Mortisque Vicos Moderamine certo:
 Indulgens Musæ, solennibus annue Cæptis,
 Herôum Tumulos, Regum, Vatumque canenti.
 Sit procul Idalii Nemoris lasciva Voluptas;
 Blanditiæ Veneris, mollesque Cupidinis artes.
 Musa Opus aggreditur lugubri carmine majus:
 Belligeri Exequias! positumque in pulvere collum!
 Discerptam Lauri doctâ de fronte Coronam!
 Regibus ablatum Sceptrum! ac Diadema recumbens!*

Parva vide! at magnos servantia Marmore Manes
 CHAUCERI: *Tibi primus Honos, Tibi Carmina sunt,*
Sancte Pater Vatum! exiguo servate Sepulchro,
Quem nunquàm poterit longinqua abolere Vetustas.

THOU Pow'r supreme! who dwell'st enthron'd on high,
 Above the Regions of the lucid Sky:
 Whose wise Disposal all Events await,
 Author of Being! Arbiter of Fate!
 Assist the Muse indulgent, whilst she sings
 The last Retreat of Heroes, Poets, Kings.
 Hence ye soft Pleasures of th' *Idalian* Grove,
 Th' alluring Charm! the Blandishments of Love!
 Far nobler Theme demands the serious Strain;
 The Mighty fall'n! and the plum'd Warrior slain!
 The Chap'let wither'd on the lawrel'd Brow!
 The Scepter snatch'd! and the crown'd Head laid low!

Lo! th' humble Monument inscrib'd, contains
 The Prince of POETS, CHAUCER's great Remains.
 Mean Sepulchre! yet his immortal Shrine
 In Fame's fair Records shall distinguish'd shine.

*Quis Te, DRAYTONE? aut quis Te, SPENCERE, poeta
 Laudabit satis? et nunquàm cedentia fato
 Carmina COWLEII? fuerat quibus Omnibus olim
 Dulcis Amor Musæ cordi, sanctique Recessus.
 COWLEIO formam, ac fragrantia labra canente,
 Æternùm pulchrâ florebit Orinda Juventâ.*

*En JUVENEM! *cujus divino confita Versu
 Exsuperant Uvas Ariconia † Poma Falernas.
 Hunc quondàm placido nascentem lumine Musa
 Aspexit, pueroque innexuit ipse Coronam
 Cynthius arridens, molli Wintonia § quondàm
 Amplexu fovit Domus, et nunc jactat Alumnum.
 Heu! Hominum Spes incertas! perituraque Vota!
 Nam dum majus Opus docto sub Pectore versat*

* Mr. PHILLIPS.

† Alluding to Mr. PHILLIPS his Poem on Cyder.

§ Educated at Winchester School.

WHAT vent'rous Muse shall equal Honours raise
 To DRAYTON's Verse? or reach sweet SPENCER's Praise?
 Or sing immortal COWLEY's deathless Lays?
 Fam'd *Bards*! enamour'd with th' *Aonian* Seats,
Castalian Streams, the Muses' soft Retreats.
 The fair *Orinda*'s Charms, by COWLEY sung,
 Will bloom to future Ages, ever young.

SEE PHILLIPS! in whose elevated Lines,
 Rich *Ariconium* * vies with *Champaign* Vines.
 The Muses at his Birth propitious smil'd,
 And pleas'd *Apollo* crown'd his darling Child.
 Fam'd *Winton*'s School his early *Genius* rear'd
 To Learning's Heights, and boasts her fav'rite *Bard*.
 How short are human Views! their Hopes how vain!
 Whilst his fledg'd Muse attempts, in th' Epic Strain,

* Mr. JOHN PHILLIPS wrote a celebrated Poem on *Cyder*.

*Nequicquàm, diri intendens certamina Martis,
 Ordine dispositas Acies, firmamque Phalangem;
 Armorum sonitus, Turmasque in bella ruentes;
 Abstulit atra dies, nisusque abruptit inanes.
 Omnia quæ, Cytheram pulsans, jam personat Umbris
 Elyfii in campis: si quid super Infera nôrint
 Defunctorum Animæ, GEORGII forsitàn addit
 Inviçtum nomen; vel Te, Ludovice, supinas
 Tendentemque manus tandèm, Pacemque rogantem.
 Anglica dùm Classis tumefactum pervolat æquor,
 Et celer ad Pugnas, viçtricibus intonat Armis.
 Cæruleâ videt, emergens Neptunus ab Aulâ,
 Gallorum captam Classẽ, Iberiæque superbæ.
 Obstupuit Pelagi Rex, et mox fronte benignâ
 Arridens, placidum Zephyris efflantibus Æquor,
 Euge! ait, Undarum Domini, salvete BRITANNI.
 Assigno trifidum Vobis in Sæcla Tridentem,
 Imperium Maris expansi, et Moderamen Aquarum.*

Cernitur

On soaring Pinions borne, War's rude Alarms,
 Embattled Squadrons, and the Clank of Arms:
 Th'embodied *Phalanx*, rang'd in dread Array;
 Death intervenes, and marrs th' unfinish'd Lay.
 His golden *Harp*, shrill vibrating, pervades
 Hell's vaulted Roof, and sooths th' *Elysian* Shades.
 Or, if departed *Spirits* can relate
 Prophetic, the Decrees of brooding Fate;
 Perhaps he sounds Great GEORGE his mighty Fame,
 And peaceful *Lewis* trembling at his Name.
 Whilst *Albion's* Squadrons thund'ring plow the Main,
 Victorious o'er the Fleets of *France*, and *Spain*.
Neptune, emerging from his ouzy Seat,
 Nods his Applause, and ratifies the Feat.
 The wat'ry Monarch smiles, with fond Amaze,
 While gentle Breezes fan his azure Face;
Hail! BRITAIN, cries; dread *Sov'reign* of the Seas.
 To thee my three-prong'd *Trident* I resign,
 The Flood's Expanse, and liquid World be thine.

*Cernitur hic, nullâ Famæ dignata Tabellâ,
 JOHNSONI Effigies; omni memorabilis Ævo!
 Qui mores Hominum tenui depinxit Avenâ,
 Stultitiam Vulgi, Curas, et inania Vota.
 Comicus ipsi labor ridenti Dramate nomen
 Efferat, et laudes Mulier * taciturnu loquatur.
 Exuberat docili vafer Alchymista * lepore,
 Et Vulpes * fallax, Sale non pereunte, placebit.*

*Hic, qui satirico subridens carmine larvam
 Avulsit Vitio, ac simulatâ Religione,
 BUTLERUM § vide: Cui deérant penè omnia vivo,
 Si laudem excipias meritam, vel inutile Nomen;
 Infelix! inopi sorte, et rerum omnium egenus,
 Laudibus esuriit, solo donatus Honore.*

• Three celebrated Comedies, wrote by BEN. JOHNSON.

§ Mr. SAM. BUTLER, the Author of *Hudibras*.

Defuncto

BEHOLD! undignify'd, rare JOHNSON's Bust!
 No *Panegyric* celebrates his Dust:
 Whose hum'rous Vein display'd, on th'*English* Stage,
 The Wish, vain Cares, and Follies of the Age.
 Let then the Comic *Drama* speak his Praise,
 And due Applause the *Silent Woman* * raise:
 His *Alchymist* * unrivall'd Taste can boast,
 And crafty *Volpone* * please, 'till Humour's lost.

See BUTLER! § Champion bold 'gainst umbrag'd Vice,
 Who pluck'd the *Mask* from *Saintship* in Disguise.
 With Sneer satyric claim'd the wreathing Bays,
 Yet wanted ev'ry Thing, save barren Praise:
 Pin'd in penurious State, unhappy *Bard*!
 Starv'd with Applause, and wrote without Reward.

* Three celebrated Comedies, wrote by Mr. BEN. JOHNSON.

§ Mr. SAM. BUTLER, the Author of *Hudibras*.

*Defuncto Tumulus Vati nè fortè deesset,
Grati Animi Indiciū, Pario de Marmore Bustum
LONDINI Præses † generosâ, Mente locavit.*

*En! videas Lauri celebris succincta Coronâ
Tempora DRYDENI, qui pleno absorpserat haustu
Pieridū flumen, Phœbo carissimus Autor.
Illius Aoniæ laudes efferte Camenæ,
Et Vatis * Cytheræ Chordas aptate canoras.
Ingenio fœlix, et ad ardua quæque paratus,
Reddidit Angliacis Numeris Opera alta Maronis.
Frondosæ Quercūs sub tegmine, Tityrus alter,
Anglorum dulci recubans modulatur Avenâ.
Rusticus en! trutilans terram proscindit Aratro,
Et Vaccæ reboant, carpentes gramina Prati.*

† JOHN BARBER, Esq; then Lord Mayor of LONDON.

* JOHANNES DRYDEN.

'Till LONDON's gen'rous *Mayor* †, thro' grateful Sense
 Of Worth neglected, unpriz'd Excellence;
 Left dark Oblivion shou'd eclipse his Fame,
 This *Tomb* erected, sacred to his Name.

Lo! learned DRYDEN's *Bust* attracts the View;
 Encircling *Bays* adorn the *Laureat*'s Brow.
 To *Phæbus* dear, his Works, ye *Muses*, sing,
 To DRYDEN's Lyre attune the trembling String,
 Who quaff'd large Draughts of your *Pierian* Spring: }
 Majestic *Virgil*, thro' his studious Toil
 Transplanted, blooms in fair *Britannia*'s Isle.
 Under some leafy *Oak*'s embow'ring Shade
 Reclin'd, our *Shepherds* trill the tuneful Reed.
 In *England*'s fertile Vales, the rustic Swain,
Dictator-like, manures the furrow'd Plain:
 Whistling, *sans* Thought, leans on the slow-pac'd Plow,
 While grazing Herds in verdant Meadows lowe.

† JOHN BARBER, *Esq*; then *Lord Mayor* of LONDON.

*Bellaci noster VATES * Æneïde fulget,*
Dum rabido exardens canit Arma sonantia Versu,
Intonat indignans Curru suprâ Agmina Mavors,
Bellorumque Vices regit, impellitque Tumultum.
Angligenum linguâ, Juvenal striçto infremit Ense,
Stultorum Inscitiam, ac Nebulonum Crimina pandens.
Perfius obductâ latuit Caligine, Sensum
*Protulit in lucem VATES * sub Nube latentem:*
Siccè Chao, Phœbi Radiis penetrantibus içta,
Lux celer exiluit, densam disparfit et Umbram.
*Quantus Dramatico præcellit Carmine VATES *,*
Ævum, quo vixit, sic Sæcula sera fatentur.
Dum Musa, assurgens Shakespeari Carmina celsa
Molitur, nullâ Rhymi astringente Catenâ;

* JOHANNES DRYDEN.

Præ-

In the *Æneid* Albion's MARO * shines,
 Whilst the fierce Battle swells his pompous Lines.
 Lo! *Mars* indignant guides his thund'ring Car,
 Urges the Tumult, and directs the War.
 Keen *Juvenal* in *British* Language rules,
 And brands enormous Vice in Knaves, or Fools.
 Intricate *Persius*, erst in Mists conceal'd,
 Clear'd by our *Bard*'s * Translation, shines reveal'd.
 Long Time in learn'd Obscurity, and Night
 Enwrapp'd, the *Satyrist* † springs forth to Light.
 From *Chaos* thus, pierc'd by the enliv'ning Ray,
 Light beam'd, and pour'd a streaming Flood of Day.
 How bright his *Genius* in the *Drama* shone,
 The Times he grac'd, and later *Æras* own.
 When the *Bard* * soars in *Shakespear*'s lofty Strain,
 Unclogg'd with tuneful *Rhyme*'s depressing Chain:

* MR. JOHN DRYDEN.

† *Persius*.

Præcellens Cleopatra, et flagrans Antonius Æstu,
Pectus agant tenerum! Ventidius, inclytus armis,
Firmet Amicitiam, ac fidi Molimen Amoris;
Gloriæ acer Vindex; Ducis Oppugnator Amantis,
Prodiga Luxuries famâ cedente triumphat,
Victrici et Formâ totus deperditur Orbis.
Si pateant Opera inter tot splendentia pauca
Quæ offendunt Maculæ, quas ipsa Incuria fudit,
Erminiam vestem rarò sine Labe videmus;
Succedens Cerebri causam numerosaque Proles,
Res angusta Domi, et breve Tempus abundè loquuntur.
Famâ prædives, heu! deficiente Crumena,
Succnbit fato, jejuna Sorte senescens.

Hic placidè obdormit GAYUS; cantare Fabellas
Perdoctus faciles, ac Nugis addere Pondus.
Ingenii pollens Acie, Sermone faceto,
Et Morum Comitatus nitens, blandusque Sodabes;
Dilectus vixit; moritur deflendus Amicis.

How *Antony!* how *Cleopatra* moves
 Each Breast! *Ventidius* honest Friendship proves,
 His Fame's stern *Guardian!* thwarts the Gen'ral's Loves. }
 See fond Excess prevail at Glory's Cost,
 Beauty triumphant, and a *World well lost*.
 If, 'mid such brilliant Gems, some Flaws remain,
 The Ermin'd Robe is seldom free from Stain; }
 Let th' hasty Labours of his teeming Brain,
 The num'rous Offspring of his pregnant Muse,
 And *strong Necessity*, plead some Excuse.
 Renown'd, tho' poor! he left this earthly Stage,
 Crush'd with the Weight of *Indigence* and *Age*.

HERE sleeps a gentle *Bard!* * whose easy *Muse*
 Display'd, in *Fable*, Life's resemblant Views.
 Knowledge beams forth thro' his instructive Lay;
 Well-blended Shadows real Truths convey;
 And *Trifles* rise to *Elegance* in *GAY*. }
 Courteous in Manners, a facetious Friend,
 He liv'd, lov'd; let Tears his Corse attend.

SHAKESPEARI Paria Effigies cogitare videtur !
Dilectæ Elizæ qui fausto floruit Ævo.
Naturam Penitùs Tragico explorare Cotburno
Novit, et extremos Divæ penetrare Recessus.
Diversos Animi motus toto Impete pinxit ;
Quo celsam attollit cantante Tragœdia Vocem,
Planctibus indulgens, rabidâve exæstuat Irâ.
*Zelotypus Maurus *, Furiis ultricibus ætus,*
Ardentes Oculos convulsus circumvolvens,
Fluctuat Irarum, mollique Cupidinis Æstu :
Dum varii Impulsus Animæ Penetralia torquent ;
Blandus Amor, vaga Suspicio, stimulante furore,
Insanam Mentem lacerant, atque intima Cordis :
Deliciarum ipso Gremio, grave sentit Acumen
Ærumnæ miser, et spumanti in Vite tabescit.

* Othello.

Donèc

Lo! penfive SHAKESPEAR breathes in *Parian* Stone,
 Fam'd *Bard!* when lov'd *Eliza* grac'd the Throne.
 Who pictur'd Nature in her real Dress,
 And trac'd the *Goddeſs* to her cloſe Receſs;
 Portray'd the Paſſions in their diff'rent Views;
 Great *Maſter* of the buſkin'd *Tragic* Muſe!
 View the grim *Moor!* * by Love, to Fury wrought;
 Plung'd in the Whirlpool of perplexing Thought.
 Meteorous, his fiery Eye-balls roll!
 While Paſſions ſhake the *Baſis* of his Soul.
 Fond *Love*, wild *Jealouſy*, with Rage conjoin'd,
 Rend his ſtretch'd Heart-ſtrings, and diſtract his Mind.
 In the ſoft Lap of Pleaſure, moſt accurs'd,
 And in the cluster'd Vineyard pines with Thirſt.

* *Othello*, the Moor of *Venice*.

Donèc Forma perit Rerum, dum Naufraga cuncta,

Illisi mixtis frangentur et Orbibus Orbes ;

Labentisque Globi Vestigia nulla supersint,

SHAKESPEARI *Fama insignis, laudesque manebunt.*

Hoc PRIOR obdormit Tumulo ! quem fautor Apollo,

Et Natura potens indulgit divite Vend.

*Æterno fruitur VATES * defunctus Honore,*

Qui Fide spectandâ vivens, et Pectore firmo,

Præditus omnigenâ Virtute, et Acumine mentis ;

Sæpè sub Auspiciis Annæ, et regnante Wilhelmo,

Successu insigni Legatûs Munus obiit.

Omnibus urbanus, fragilis Vitæ Ordine toto

Concinnus, sociis dilectus, charus Amicis.

* MATTHÆUS PRIOR.

Ingeniû

His Fame will live, 'till Time itself's no more;
 And Nature sinks, with all her beauteous Store.
 'Till Form, and Matter's lost, to Fate consign'd;
 'Till Worlds are crush'd!—*Nor leave a Wreck behind.*

HERE PRIOR rests entomb'd! whose fruitful Vein,
 And nat'ral *Genius*, grac'd the *Muses'* Train!
 His deathless Fame survives the crumbling Dust;
 Embalms his Worth, and dignifies the *Bust*.
 Approv'd Fidelity, to Candour join'd,
 With Beams resplendent in his Actions shin'd;
 And all the Graces which exalt the Mind.
Legate, when *William*, when great *Anna* reign'd,
 That arduous Task successful he sustain'd.
 Courteous to All; in Life's each shifting Scene,
 He play'd his Part, collected, and serene:
 Dear to his Friends, and held in high Esteem.

Wit

Ingenii exuberans flumen, Mel dulce loquentis
Fonte Fugi velut, affatim emanare videntur.
Annales proprii meditantem surripit Ævi,
Et Vitæ, atque Operis Filum secatur aspera Febris;
*Præclarum immiscens VATEM * immortalibus Umbris.*
Quod Mortale fuit, tacitâ deponitur Urnâ!
Parte Tui meliore evectus ad Æthera, famâ
Eternum veri vives Exemplar Honoris.

Pierides Musæ! Vati inspire faventes,
Pegaseis pennis longè suprâ Astra volanti;
Carmina MILTONI celebris laudesque canenti.
Vatem, cui Genio Natura arrisit anhelans,
Et rapit indulgens extrâ Confinia Mundi.

* MATTHÆUS PRIOR.

Instar

Wit flow'd redundant in his free Discourse,
 Like Mountain-waters pouring from their Source.
 While, wrapp'd in studious Thought, he means to draw
 Th' *Historic Annals* of the Times he saw;
 A ling'ring Fever cuts Life's slender Thread,
 And dooms the Victim to th' Immortal Dead.
 Thy mortal Part, inurn'd, returns to Clay;
 The Soul to th' Heav'nly Mansions wings her Way.
 Illustrious Pattern to succeeding Youth!
 Strict Honour's Standard, and the Test of Truth.

YE tuneful *Nine!* your sacred Pow'rs infuse;
 Assist the Song, and plume th' aspiring *Muse*.
 While borne aloft on strong *Pegasean* Wings,
 Immortal MILTON's Verse she tow'ring sings.
 MILTON! whose *Genius* Nature's kindling breath
 Up-rais'd; beyond this sublunary Earth.

High-

*Inſtar Mæonidis, præcluſâ Luce, Poetæ
Lumine divino Mens expaſa irradiatur.*

*Hunc, qui cæleſtes ſublimi Carmine Turmas,
Horrendo infernaſque Acies lucentibus Arvis
Ordine diſpoſitas cecinit, fera Bella moventes :
Sedibus immenſis Supérum, ac Regionibus altis :
Diro intorquentes Cacodæmones hinc Cruciatu ;
Projeſtos ſummâ flammantes Ætheris Arce,
Faucibus ignivomis Erebi, Noctiſque profundæ.
Trifte Adami Crimen ! vetitæ Guſtusque nefandos
Arboris, humano Generi lethalia Poma !
Hæredúm libata Impenſis, Omine lævo !
Lapſum Hominis ! Paradiſi amiſſos fertilis Hortos.*

*Laus tua, ROWE ſacer ! paſſim diſfuſa per Orbem,
Promeritur Muſis triſte hoc Væſtigal Honorum.*

High-foaring Thought, the *Bard*, like *Homer*, blind,
 Illumin'd his irradiated Mind.

Whose Heav'n-born *Muse* display'd, in lofty Strain,
Seraphs embattled on th' *Ætherial* Plain;

And writhing *Fiends*, transfix'd with agonizing Pain.

The Pow'rs of Darkness, rank'd in proud Array,

In Upper Air, the lucid Fields of Day:

By th' Arm *Omnipotent*, with fore Dismay,

Hurl'd flaming from the glorious Realms of Light,

To *Hell's* black Regions, and substantial Night.

Adam's Transgression! the nefarious Taste

Of th' interdicted Fruit, fatal Repast!

Wretched Inheritance! unhappy Cost!

Man's fallen State! and blissful *Eden* lost!

THY lov'd *Remains*, and wide-expanded Fame,
 Thrice honour'd ROWE! the *Muses'* Tribute claim.

E

Good-

Ingenium, falsi Mens nescia, lauta Venustas,
Gratia sic Morum vitam exornavit honestam.
Nec minùs in Tragico, splendebat Musa Cothurno.
En! Tamerlanus, lenis post Prælia Victor,
Indulgens favet incenso, quem vincerat, hosti.
Heros magnanimus Tartârûm, voce benignâ
Captivo ignoscens, truculentum vivere suadet.
Proposito generosi hostis Turca aspernatur,
Et furit indignans, inter Vinculâ arêta superbus.
Calistæ excrucians perpulchræ Ærumna docebit
Effectûs miseros, et blandi Crimen Amoris.
Admissi sceleris Dolor imo ex Pectore fletus
Dùm trahit, effusis lacrymis quæque Ora rigantur.
Filia defuncto persolvit Justa Parenti,
Effundens lacrymas tristes, tacitumque dolorem.

Good-nature, upright Heart, an easy Mien,
 Grac'd all thy Actions, in thy Life were seen;
 And great thy *Genius* in the *Tragic* Scene.
 Victorious *Tamerlane*, 'mid Conquest mild,
 Indulgent treats the *Prince* *, his Prowess foil'd:
 The brave *Tartarian* Hero can forgive
 His vaunting *Slave*, and bids the vanquish'd live.
 The turban'd *Turk* * his gen'rous Terms disdains,
 Indignant smiles in Gyves, and storms in Chains.
 Lo! fair *Calista*'s † soft Distress will prove
 The dire Effects of fond, but guilty Love:
 Remorse unfeign'd, and *Penitence* sincere,
 On Pity's Cheek imprint the pearly Tear.
 See filial Grief § in Sorrow's Veil appears,
 Rob'd in the silent Eloquence of Tears.

* *Bajazet.*

† *Rowe's Fair Penitent.*

§ Alluding to the Portrait of his Daughter on the Monument.

*Magnanimi illustrem propè marmora clara SHOVELLI,
 Qui tumidis Scyllæ ad Scopulos perit obrutus Undis,
 CHURCHILLUM vide; cui Frater MARLBROVIUS heros.
 Hic summas meruit laudes, quo tempore Classis
 Gallica combusta est candentes Neustriæ ad Oras.
 Post Pelagi Casus, post diri Tædia Martis,
 Emeritus miles placidâ requiescit in Urnâ.*

*Quisquis eris, Cineres qui contemplarier adstas
 BARROWI hoc positos Tumulo, Marmorque recumbens;
 Disce Modum Vitæ fragilis, Sortemque caducam!
 Nil Virtus, Vis Doctrinæ, nil Sapiëntia prosint
 Extensas avidæ Fauces eludere Mortis.*

BALCHENI

NEAR SHOVELL'S Tomb interr'd, (lov'd *Anna's* Coſt;)
 On barking *Scylla's* Rocks, untimely loſt!
 CHURCHILL'S Remains immortal Honours claim:
 Heroic MARLBRO'S Brother! Kin in Fame!
 The *Gallic* Fleet, off *Normandy's* fair Shore,
 While CHURCHILL bids the *Britiſh* Cannon roar,
 Is ta'en, burnt, funk, deſtroy'd, by our brave Commodore.
 War's rude Alarms, and wat'ry Dangers paſt,
 The great *Commander* gains his Port at laſt.

WHOE'ER thou art, that view'ſt this Tomb reclin'd,
 Contemplate BARROW'S Works! his heav'nly Mind!
 Weigh well the State of human Life! how frail!
 Since Learning, Truth, conſummate Knowledge fail
 To ward the Blow, when Fate's fure Shafts affail.

(BALCHENI lūgete illustris cita funera Musæ
 Semp̄r honorati, cæpto adversantibus Astris.
 Sæpe Minas Maris experti, tandem Æquore mersi!
 Propositi ipse tenax, inter Discrimina fortis ;
 Cælum Anima ascendit, Corpus submergitur Undis.
 Sub Noctem emissi tenebroso Carcere Venti
 Spumantes tollunt fluctūs, augentque procellam
 Cum strepitu ; rapidoque ruens sup̄r Æquora Cursu,
 Turbida Tempestas nigrantibus ingruit Alis.
 Vectorum Superos instantia Vota laceffunt ;
 Incassumque Preces densâ effunduntur in Aurâ :
 Certa que dant Nautæ impendentis Signa Pericli.
 Nulla Salus terrâ venit, aut Cælestibus Oris.
 Velivola heu ! Pinus, stridentibus ic̄ta Procellis,
 Ima petit Pelagi, submersa Voragine vastâ
 Tota Cohors periit, Navem absorbentibus Undis.

YE *Muses* weep o'er honour'd BALCHEN'S Grave! }
 Always unfortunate! yet always brave! }
 Inur'd to Storms! a Victim to the Wave! }
 On each Occurrence resolutely good!
 Heav'n claims his Soul, his Corse the briny Flood.
 Night veils the Main in Darknes' sable Robe,
 While boist'rous Winds embroil the wat'ry Globe.
 With swift Career, o'er the tumultuous Sea,
 The furious Tempest wings her gloomy Way.
 Now fruitless mounts the pow'rful Voice of Pray'r,
 And fervent Vows pour'd forth, are lost in Air.
 In vain the Signal of Distress is giv'n,
 No Help from Earth arrives, no Aid from Heav'n.
 In wild Uproar conflicting Gusts engage;
 The Ship, long buffeted by *Neptune's* Rage,
 Sinks found'ring, down the Ocean's gulphy Steep,
 Aborb'd, with her whole Crew, in th'op'ning Deep.



Y e Master weep o'er his son's Grave,
Always unfortunate, yet always brave,
In'd to storm! a Victim to the Wave,
On each Occurrence religiously good!
Heav'n claims his soul, his Corpse the living Flood,
Night veils the Main in Darkness, fable Roke,
While billows Winds embroil the warry Globe,
With swift Career, o'er the tumultuous Sea,
The furious Tempest wipes her gloomy Way,
Now thrills around the bow the Voice of Ray,
And fervent Tows pour forth, are lost in Air,
Is this the signal of Death's ravine,
No Help from Earth arrive, no Aid from Heaven,
In wild uproar conflicting Gales engage;
The ship, by waves and winds, is tost and tossed,
Stobs round and round the Ocean's Gulf he steep,
Aboard, with her whole Crew, is the opening Deep.

